

## Predatory Drift

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## Predatory Drift

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

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George rolled his eyes. “I don’t have to answer to you. Dogs don’t ask questions.” He snapped and yanked on Dream’s leash to deter him. “Bad boy.”

Dream froze. George finally looked at his face again and saw that all brain function had disappeared. He had straightened up, with a face turned bright red. His eyes were hazey, but just trained enough on George.

But more importantly, Dream had shut up.

### Notes

S/o to my boyfriend, this was his one request of me. This one is for you, you decrepit fuck <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

*“‘Predatory Drift’ is a term that was first published by Jean Donaldson. This is when a large dog's*

*acceptable behavior shifts to predatory behavior. This is known to happen when large dogs and small dogs interact. An example can be when a small dog squeals and runs away in fright, urging the larger dog to chase. This phenomenon can be very dangerous. It's important to refresh your larger dog's training regularly to avoid incidents. Also having the correct gear (ex: chain leashes or choke collars) can be a helpful addition to ensure safety."*

Last Halloween, at a party of thirty people in a house much too small for thirty people, George ended up squeezed between two very drunk friends on a very small couch. He was sweating, and uncomfortable, and his only *real* reason for coming to the party hadn't arrived yet. Wilbur and Jack, on either of his sides, were sloppy - too sloppy - and they kept making horrible jokes and poking fun at George's sad excuse of a costume.

"What the hell is that even supposed to *be*?" Jack asked. "Are you a messy painter or something?"

"I'm a serial killer's victim." George looked down at his blood-stained blue t-shirt and jeans. "Niki said it was clever!"

"It's stupid and lazy." Wilbur said, burping at the end of his slurred sentence. "Niki is just way too nice to you."

"Is that shirt from Poshmark?" Jack sneered.

"It was three dollars!" George cried. "I needed something I could just ruin!"

"Well, it *ruined* my night, Gogy." Wilbur snickered. "When do the colonies get here? They're so fucking late."

"Dream and Sapnap are actually pulling up, according to this very messy text." Phil appeared behind them, putting a hand on Wilbur's head. "They pregamed right after their flight landed, apparently."

"Lovely." George sighed. "You all get to see Sapnap try to do a headstand. It's, like, his only attempt at showing off while plastered."

"Oh, I'd rather watch that than whatever bullshit is happening over there." Jack motioned over to the kitchen. Karl and Quackity, who had arrived a week earlier, were both in some horrific dance-off. They were just jumping and flailing. They were acting like idiots, but Scott and Rihanna and Niki seemed to be loving every second of it.

Then, the doorbell rang. George took this chance to jump off the couch and push past Wilbur's too-long legs. "I got it!"

"Go, loverboy, go!" Wilbur chanted.

When George managed to get into the narrow hallway and make his way to the front door, he took a moment to shake himself out. He felt that weird *crawl* inside his bones that he always felt whenever Dream came to visit. He shimmied his shoulders, took a deep breath, and opened the door.

Sapnap burst in before the door even had enough space for him to pass. " *George!*" He cried. He stopped in tracks. "Oh, shit. Nice Herobrine cosplay."

"I'm a serial killer's victim." George deadpanned. "And you are...?" He looked over Sapnap's

fake goatee.

“Bob Ross. And I’m about to plant a happy little tree right in Karl’s - “

“That’s enough!” A low voice rang out from behind him as suddenly two large hands shoved Sapnap forward, sending him stumbling down the hall towards the music of the party. As Sapnap stepped away, Dream filled his place.

And he looked pretty normal, sweatshirt and jeans and the whole bit.

But he also had dog ears on.

And a tail.

And a collar.

And a leash.

“You’re kidding?” George found himself grinning without realizing it.

“Twitter got a kick out of it.” Dream shrugged. “The dogboy thing gets likes.”

“You went out of your way to do this for Twitter? Twitter isn’t even at this party. You don’t post *pictures*, Dream!”

“I posted a pic of the costume with that stupid mask on!” Dream cried. “They one from the Mr. Beast video!”

“That doesn’t mean you actually had to wear it out!” George laughed. “Whatever, just come on.”

“Lead the way.” Dream motioned forward with his hand. “After you...” He hesitated. “Are you, like...a freshly born baby? What’s with all the blood?”

“I’m a serial killer’s victim.” George sighed.

“You do love being the damsel in distress.” Dream sighed and slung his arm around George’s shoulders. “Let’s go, buddy.”

It didn’t take long for Sapnap and Dream to get comfortable - and to get even more wasted than they already were. They walked in smelling like a frat party, but now they smelled like the sewer system under a pub. George had seen them fucked up before, but never to this extent. All inhibitions were gone. They were slurring words, stumbling around. Everyone ended up squeezing into the kitchen, just to watch the show.

They were a trainwreck.

“Who’s going to train you, puppy?” Wilbur mock-pouted and poured another shot for Dream. “Because you’re being quite the messy dog. Might need to call animal control.”

“I’m a fucking wolf or something, dude.” Dream’s words stumbled out of his mouth. “I’m, like, a real dog. A big dog. What’s that one dog?”

“Snoop.” Sapnap said as he tried to put Karl on his shoulders for the fourth time that night.

Dream shook his head. “No, no. Like a real dog. The big one?”

“A Great Dane?” Niki offered from her seat on the counter.

“Yeah!” Dream snapped. “Oh, yeah. I’m a Great Dane.”

Wilbur shook his head. “You, my friend, are a golden retriever at best. But a cranky little purse dog at worst.”

Dream scoffed. “Fuck you. I’m an alpha pack leader kind of guy.”

“Alphas don’t take it up the ass!” Sapnap cried.

Wilbur shook his head. “Disagree with that one but see your sentiment.”

Phil cocked an eyebrow. “Something to tell us, Will?”

“I don’t peg and tell.” He winked before downing a shot of his own.

“Well, at least I’m not some skittish bunny-looking fucker like George.” Dream suddenly turned around and pointed at George. “Look at him. All dressed up like a zombie Barbie.”

“I’m a serial killer’s victim!” George said for the millionth time. Everyone continued not to listen.

Jack nodded. “No, you’re right. George isn’t a dog. He would train dogs, though.”

“Doubt it.” Sapnap scoffed. “I’ve seen how he is around Dream.”

“Stuff it.” George scowled.

Rhianna, ever the lifesaver, raised her phone up. “Pizzas here!”

As drunk people often do, they followed the promise of greasy food and most of the kitchen cleared out to leave a few wobbly stragglers and a very, very, tipsy Dream was attempting to snag another shot.

If that happened, George might have to call for a medic.

George scooted Dream’s shotglass away from him. “You’re drunk.”

“And you’re beautiful.” Dream slurred, leaning in a bit too close for George’s comfort as he slammed his vodka bottle down. As the last people wandered out, Dream took that as an opportunity to get a bit too invasive.

George looked away to hide whatever blush exploded on his face. “Dream! You can’t just say that stuff here. Come on.” He looked around the kitchen. “You need water or, like, *bread* or something - “

“Why won’t you let me have fun?” Dream whined. “Why can’t I compliment you?”

“Because you’re acting like an idiot!” George slapped away the leash chain that was getting too close to his face.

“No, I’m saying you look beautiful.” Dream pouted. “But you would look better under me.”

“Um...” George moved back a step.

Dream followed. “What? No answer?”

George rolled his eyes. "I don't have to answer to you. Dogs don't ask questions." He snapped and yanked on Dream's leash to deter him. "Bad boy."

Dream froze. George finally looked at his face again and saw that all brain function had disappeared. He had straightened up, with a face turned bright red. His eyes were hazy, but just trained enough on George.

But more importantly, Dream had shut up.

He had shut right up.

George quickly turned around and walked away, leaving Dream trembling in the kitchen.

Maybe George should drink more. He stole a shot out of Scott's hand and downed it. He bummed a sip of Wilbur's vodka as well. Maybe if he gave himself whiskey dick, then he could ignore the half-mast erection in his jeans that appeared after Dream looked at him like *that*.

Like a feral dog waiting to be trained.

*Wanting* to be trained.

George finished off Wilbur's vodka before running off to try to hide behind Quackity in the living room.

"Nice, uh, CEO costume?" George cocked an eyebrow.

Quackity paused his bite of pizza and looked like he had just been shot. He had just worn a suit to the party, nothing special. "I'm a lawyer, dude. Everyone knows that. It's obvious." He looked George over. "And you are...that one artist guy? Andy Warhol? All covered in paint and shit?"

"I'm a serial killer's victim." George huffed.

"Do better." Quackity shook his head. "And you're giving *my* costume shit." He practically vacuumed his pizza into his stomach and then pointed across the room. "Is he good?"

There was Dream, standing in a corner, isolated but not alone. His green eyes were trained on George. His fingers fiddled with his chain dangling from his neck. It swayed like a pendulum, drawing George's eyes up to Dream's wet lips.

Phil appeared beside Quackity. "I think he's super fucked up. Better watch it before he breaks something." He looked George up and down. "Are you a tampon?"

"I am a serial killer's victim." George was tired of saying it.

Quackity put his arm around George. "Better luck next year, Gogy."

Phil turned to Quackity. "Nice lawyer costume. Really well done."

"Are you kidding me?!" George cried.

Phil looked over his shoulder. "Oh, here we go. Dream's looking all agro. Is he an angry drunk? We better hide the vases."

George took that as his cue to slip out of the living room and head to a front sitting room. Wilbur was standing on the coffee table, leading the crowd of c-list streamers in an off-tempo performance of Hamilton's second act showstoppers. As he tried and failed to hit some impossible high note,

George found his way to fit between two people who he assumed were part of the Eboys. But really, who could tell? Everyone was wasted and in sloppy costumes and sweaty and gross. Everyone blended in.

Except for Dream, who followed George to the next room and walked around the perimeter of the crowd. He was circling, like a shark. He passed George but kept moving, continuing to just prowl. The hair on the back of George's neck shot up. He was hyperaware of Dream's slow pace. He circled three times before it clicked.

He was hunting.

George was being *hunted* .

What the hell.

The next time Dream circled around, George turned around and frowned at him. "Do you need something?"

Dream didn't answer verbally, but his eyes were wild and his drunken steps were disjointed. He pointed accusingly at George, and then kept walking in his stupid little hunting dance.

When Dream was on the other side of the room, George turned and rushed to walk out and head upstairs. There was a hallway, where bedrooms and a bathroom were, and a loft. In the loft, a group of girls were sitting and mingling. George stopped to say hello to them, but bolted straight to the bathroom when he heard the creak of the wooden bottom stairs.

He locked the door and then sat against it for a long, drawn-out minute.

He liked how his heart felt in his chest. And he really liked the glint in Dream's eyes.

He decided to pee, since he was already hiding in here. While he did so, George took the chance to think about Dream's face right when he pulled the leash. He wasn't ready for that. It was really lovely to look at. He could probably see that kind of reaction a million times and still get butterflies.

He couldn't pee anymore because of the boner that was forming from that memory. Dammit. He really wanted to break that seal.

George had to admit that being stalked around the party by some kind of silent monster was a little alluring. It was exciting. It was stimulating. As he washed his hands in the bathroom sink, he tried to figure out how he wanted this to end.

To be honest, he liked the mystery. Even if it wasn't too much of a mystery.

When he exited the bathroom, Dream was standing right outside the door. George swears he saw Dream's fluffy little dog ears perk up when he walked out.

George sighed. "Seriously?"

Dream frowned.

"What? Nothing?"

Silence.

George clicked his tongue. "Okay then. We're doing this?"

Dream blinked in response.

“Bark.” George ordered.

Dream looked at him like he was insane.

“Do it. Bark!” George said again, his voice harsher. “If you want to act like a dog, I’ll treat you like a dog. Bark!”

Dream looked down at his feet and shuffled his shoes.

“I won’t understand what you want unless you show me.” The brunette crossed his arms and frowned.

After a moment of silence, Dream let out a low bark. It was quiet, and almost drowned out by the music radiating from downstairs. But George heard it.

“Again.”

Dream repeated himself, but with a tad bit more confidence infused in it.

George reached out and took the silver leash in his pale hand. “Good boy. If you want to get anything, you have to listen to me. All that wild shit downstairs? No more. None of that.”

Dream whimpered. Dream *whimpered*. Dream whimpered and George felt it in his groin.

He picked a random bedroom. He prayed that it didn’t belong to one of his close friends. He also prayed for forgiveness just in case it did. As soon as the door was shut behind Dream, George and him were kissing fast and hard as George used the lead to drag Dream to the end of the soft, beige bed.

Their tongues and teeth pushed against each other. It was more biting than kissing, some kind of animalistic ritual that was impossible to describe but so *extraordinary* to experience. Neither of them held back.

When Dream pulled away to attack George’s neck, he continued to not hold back.

In fact, he bit.

Hard.

“No!” George shoved Dream’s head away. “Bad.” He hit the tip of Dream’s nose - hard enough to stun him but not enough to hurt. Dream shook his head and let out a yelp. “No biting!” If looks could kill, George would be dead. Dream was *pissed*. He tried to go in again but George bopped his nose a second time. “I can’t have you acting all crazy. I would have to put you down.” George rubbed the tender spot on his neck where Dream had bit him. Dream tried to go in again, but George yanked his collar back with two fingers and he yelped. “Good boys listen to their owners.” George said.

Dream looked away bitterly. He obviously wanted to be a good boy. He wanted to be good. Dream always wanted to be good.

George could use that.

“You want a reward? You want a treat?”

Dream nodded.

“Down.” George pushed the blonde down to his knees on the floor of the bedroom. Dream did as he was told, albeit with a sneer on his face. “Good boy.” George reassured him as the sneer fell away.

George used his fingers to open Dream’s mouth. Dream bared his teeth defiantly, but George just took the chance to run his thumb over the sharp fang points of Dream’s canine teeth. “Look at this. You were born feral, weren’t you?” He poked the teeth gently and Dream responded with a grunt. “You’re a wild dog. What were you saying in the kitchen? An alpha wolf? Well, I wouldn’t go that far. But you are certainly a vicious canine.” George pulls Dream’s lips tighter. “No biting. Okay? If I give you a treat, you can’t bite.”

Dream snapped at George’s hands.

George responded by turning away. “Fine. No treat.” A whine answered him, but he ignored it. “Bad boys don’t get treats.”

He stayed looking away. He knew it was coming and felt satisfied when it did - Dream’s hand was pawing at his thigh. As George continued to ignore him, Dream’s movements got more and more incessant. Then he whined. Then he started to chew on George’s denim pants.

George’s head whipped around. “Are you ready to be good for me?”

Dream nodded.

That’s when George stood up, took out his cock, and Dream went to take it in his mouth without a second thought. He couldn’t take the waiting anymore, not with Dream looking at him with those big puppy eyes. But that wasn’t the end of what George wanted. After letting Dream lick him up and down, George stepped back and wiggled out of his jeans and underwear. He lay back on the bed, spread his legs, and beckoned Dream forward. “Come on, just eat me out already.”

Dream was ready to obey that command. He didn’t need any encouraging.

George’s head fell back as Dream’s tongue worked in and out of him. He had to fight to keep from clamping his thoughts into Dream’s head and knocking his golden dog ears off. His two-toned eyes were rolling back in his head and his cock was bobbing against his stomach, smearing precum against his belly button and leaving him a sticky, fucked-out mess. Dream stuck a finger into George’s slick entrance and started to stretch him with his saliva. His one finger slowly developed into four fingers, and his tongue continued to fuck George’s hole.

He could have stayed like that all night. Dream was a natural when it came to it. His tongue swirled around George and his free hand dug fingerprints into George’s plush ass. He was groaning and moaning into George’s entrance and the vibrations were pulling the smaller man apart.

This would have been enough to finish George off, to be honest. This for another ten minutes and he would be gone. It might have even been enough for Dream, too.

But George needed to feel his pelvis being ripped in half. He needed Dream’s cock inside of him. He needed to feel full.

George used his foot to push back Dream’s shoulder to force him off and out of his hole. “Heel.” He huffed out. He caught his breath, then got back to work.



George used the leash to guide Dream up onto the bed. He scooted back until his dark hair hit a pillow, then tried to release Dream's erection from his jeans. He fumbled too much, though, and Dream knocked his hands away to do it himself.

George would let him have that one moment of sass. It just meant he would get what he wanted faster.

Dream entered George using spit as lube, which was stupid and both of them knew they would pay for later. But they couldn't care less. George was so stretched out that it barely affected much. If anything, the slight sting made it feel more exciting. More spontaneous. More aggressive.

After Dream bottomed out, he stayed propped on his hands above George, panting. He looked like his self control was slipping minute by minute.

He needed to learn patience. He needed further training.

Just as Dream was about to start thrusting, George reached down and took himself in his hand. "Don't. Fucking. Move."

Dream let out a shrill whine and his dick twitched against George's walls. He looked like this was the biggest betrayal he had ever faced.

"Stay." George said. He stroked himself slowly as he watched Dream tremble. Dream's eyes were searching around, waiting. He wasn't moving. "Oh, you're so well trained for me. You're so good. Good boy." George said, his voice low.

Dream leaned down and nuzzled against George's neck.

"Keep being patient. Wait..." George let out a small moan. "Just keep waiting..."

If Dream's tail could wag, it would be going crazy. His heartbeat was loud. He was practically shaking. The raw pleasure of George tightening around him with every pump of his hand was going to drive Dream crazy. He started to whine again.

"Stay..." George could barely form the word.

Dream squeezed his eyes shut.

"Beg." George said. "Like a show dog. Beg."

Dream looked down and parted his lips. No words came out, but his eyes were so full of desperate need that George pulled his hand away from himself and instead gripped the pillow behind his head. He didn't need to hear any kind of verbal begging. Dream's primal desire was enough. He radiated raw need.

George yanked Dream's leash. "Fuck me. Fuck me, now!"

Humans can't howl. On a biological level, they can't. But Dream got as close as anyone had ever when he started to thrust. He was vicious, so fast that George knew that his hips were going to bruise a dark plum purple tomorrow. He only went harder the tighter George held his chain. The harder he yanked it, the closer he held it, the faster and deeper Dream went.

Dream was practically growling in George's ear, and that was enough to push him over the edge. He rode out his orgasm with shaking legs and a loud scream. His cum shot all over his shirt and Dream's, even splashing up to drip just a bit off the blonde's jawline.

“Holy shit.” He barely managed to stutter out as Dream continued to slam into him. “I can’t -*fuck!*” His prostate was hit, over and over, driving him quickly to a second and more painful orgasm. His back arched and his eyes saw stars. “Cum inside me! Dream, fuck, cum inside me!”

Dream leaned down and clamped his mouth on George’s shoulder. He bit down, *hard*.

That’s when Dream came. A strained noise somewhere between a growl and a moan left his lips as his cock pumped into George’s hole and filled him with hot, viscous fluids. It was so much that George felt it leaking out of his ass, his body fighting to fit it and Dream’s member inside of him.

He let go of George’s shoulder and licked the tiniest amount of blood off his top lip. He reached up and tore his ears off with one hand. With the other, he wrapped it around George’s waist and pulled himself to lay on George’s aching stomach. Dream didn’t pull out, though. He stayed as close to George as he could get, reveling in the sensitivity and the afterglow.

George’s trembling hands scratched at Dream’s scalp. He ran his long, slender fingers through his tousled blonde hair. “Good boy. Best boy.” His breathing came out labored. He would definitely be sore tomorrow. In the adrenaline drop, he could feel the pain shooting up his spine.

“I’m like...really drunk.” Dream muttered into George’s chest. “This was so nice though. We should do that again. That was like...cool.”

“Yeah?”

“I really liked not talking.” Dream chuckled. “And you are...you are so warm. Holy shit. I’m going to fall asleep.”

“Please don’t!” George tried to sit up. “I swear this is probably Wilbur’s room and I can’t morally have him know I did this in his bed.”

“George, don’t move. I’m comfy.”

“Don’t embarrass me more than you already have.” George grumbled.

“Are you actually embarrassed of me?” Dream slurred his words so heavily that George assumed he was already falling asleep. Dream gently pulled out of George, causing George to let out a hiss of pain. “Sorry...”

“No. I’m not.” George’s voice dropped, becoming softer. “I’m not. I liked this.”

“Cool...Sorry I ruined your victim costume, by the way.”

George let his head fall back on the bed. He smiled. “It’s fine. The shirt was only three bucks.”

Dream rolled over onto his back and stretched. “Well, I liked it. It was cool.”

George couldn’t help but laugh. “Thanks. Glad you liked it.”

I hope you all enjoyed your fun porn of the week. Happy pride month.

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